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MY WAY.

Mayhap it stretches very far,
Mayhap it winds from star to star;
Mayhap through worlds as yet unformed
  Its never-ending journey runs,
Through worlds that are now whirling wraiths
  Of formless mists between the suns.
I go—beyond my widest ken—
But shall not pass this way again.

So, as I go and cannot stay,
And nevermore shall pass this way,
I hope to sow the way with deeds
Whose seed shall bloom like May-time meads,
And flood my onward path with words
That thrill the day like singing birds;
That other travelers following on
  May find a gleam and not a gloom,
May find their path in pleasant ways,
  A trail of music and of bloom.

—Sam Walter Foss.

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THE PACIFIC

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(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier, - - - - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The 16th session of the National Council of Congregational Churches was called to order on Wednesday, October the 20th, in New Haven, Connecticut, by the Moderator, Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion, who used a gavel made out of wood from the historical Charter Oak, loaned by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The opening devotional services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Frank Smith, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Kansas City. The Scripture reading was the 91st Psalm and the opening hymn was Matheson's "O Love That Will Not Let Me Go."

Two persons were nominated for Moderator for the next two years—the Hon. Henry M. Beardsley of Kansas City, and the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles.

Immediately after the nominating speeches were made Dr. Day asked the privilege of withdrawing his name and Mr. Beardsley was elected unanimously. The new Moderator has served as mayor of Kansas City and has for many years been identified with all of the movements for the advancement of higher interests in that part of the country.

Dr. Dan Bradley, in presenting the name of Dr. William Horace Day, spoke of the splendid work done by him in Los Angeles and all Southern California.

The Council turned at once to Dr. Day for Assistant Moderator; and in accordance with its custom for some time chose a negro for second assistant. The choice fell on the Rev. Alfred Lawless of New Orleans.

Mr. Beardsley, after taking the chair, spoke of the selection of him as Moderator as coming about because of the desire to give recognition to the laymen of the church and with the hope that the interest already theirs might be increased; and he looked forward, he remarked, to a time when the number of men in the membership of the churches would be equal to the number of women there enrolled.

One of the interesting meetings the first afternoon was that of the Commission on Missions—an informal one to which all were invited to bring their questions concerning and objections to the report made to the churches a few months ago recommending a realignment of the missionary societies.

The recommendation is that the Congregational Home Missionary Society, the Congregational Church Building Society, and the Sunday School Extension work of the Sunday School and Publishing Society be grouped together under the leadership of one general secretary.

It is further recommended that the educational features of the Sunday School and Publishing Society be transferred to the Education Society, leaving the functions of the Publishing Society distinctly what the name implies; and that the Education Society having transferred its operated institutions to the American Missionary Association, the former be linked with the Publishing Society and form "Religious Education Boards." Thus, the Educational service of the Education Society would be mainly through field specialists while that of the Publishing Society would be through the printed page.

Although the plan has been well worked out by an able commission, there is considerable objection to it. Our judgment is that it promises greater efficiency and better results. Under the new plan each society would maintain its entity as now, but the work of all would be brought into articulation. The fear is that it will be perilous to receipts, but it is has been shown in the discussion that a like fear because of changes made in recent years has been found to be groundless.

An audience of 2500 persons listened intently the first evening to the address of the retiring moderator—Dean Charles R. Brown of the Yale School of Religion. Readers of The Pacific had the address last week, Dr. Brown having at our request furnished a copy of it in time for last week's number. Frequent applause at different times while he was speaking indicated the impression Dr. Brown's clear cut expressions were making on the minds of his hearers. It seemed to some of the delegates from the Pacific Coast that they were sitting in the First Congregational Church of Oakland and were listening to a Pacific Coast Congregational Congress address somewhere on our Western shore. They forgot that they were listening to Dean Brown of the Yale School of Religion, and thought that it was Charles R. Brown pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland. And so it was, and so will it continue to be!

The publication office of The Pacific is too far from New Haven for us to give much this week concerning the Council. The sermon by Dr. Davis of Chicago Theological Seminary was one we thought many would be glad to read and it is printed this week.

COUNCIL NOTES.

Paul Moody, a son of the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, is a delegate.

The Rev. Clifford Hand of Southern California was chosen as one of the assistant secretaries.

Southern California delegates now here are: W. H. Day, C. F. Kenngott, C. N. Hand, E. C. Norton.

The third National Council was held in New Haven forty-one years ago, and was welcomed by Dr. Leonard Bacon.

The Rev. Dr. Kelsey, the Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, is here to attend the meetings of that society.

Mrs. Evans, one of the directors of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific, is here as a representative of that board.

The Rev. E. L. Walz, formerly of San Francisco, now of White Plains, a suburb of New York, is one of the Council visitors.

Washington delegates in attendance: Hugh E. Brown, Frank N. White, Frank Dyer, F. W. Isham, C. H. Veazie, L. F. Anderson.

Dr. Raymond C. Brooks of Berkeley and Mrs. Brooks and Dr. W. H. Day of Los Angeles are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Charles R. Brown.

Alfred Lawless, the second assistant Moderator, is spoken of as "the leading blackman of New Orleans." He is a graduate of Straight University.

Superintendent Paddack of the Home Missionary Society is the only Oregon delegate whom we have met as yet, but other representatives from Oregon are supposed to be here.

The Rev. P. E. Bauer, formerly of Salem, Oregon, now of Nome, Alaska, represents our most distant home missionary field. He is to speak today on "The Last Great Frontier."

The Rev. Dr. Slicox crossed the Canadian border and is in attendance at the Council as of old. Another familiar face—familiar on the Pacific Coast is that of the Rev. Dr. Hallock of Maine.

The Rev. and Mrs. L. L. Wirt of Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, are in attendance at the Council. The California delegates were their guests at a dinner at the Hotel Taft one evening.

The chair used by the Moderator during the Council is the one in which Governor Treat sat when he discussed with Andrus the danger of the revocation of the original charter of the state of Connecticut.

The delegates registered from Northern California thus far are: I. H. Morse, L. D. Rathbone, M. B. Fisher, H. H. Wikoff, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Brooks, C. F. Aked, B. C. Preston, W. W. Willard, W. W. Ferrier.

In addition to delegates and visitors from Pacific Coast states, already named in our notes, are: E. F. Hahn, C. B. Sumner, Dr. Blaisdell and Mrs. E. C. Norton of Southern California; the Rev. Mr. Butler of Oregon and Mrs. I. H. Morse of San Francisco.

The Rev. Rockwell H. Potter of Hartford, Connecticut, was elected president of the Home Missionary Society; and Mr. W. W. Mills of Marietta, Ohio, vice-president. Rev. T. M. Shepherd of Wisconsin was elected recording secretary. Among the directors chosen from constituent states were R. C. Brooks of Northern California; Fred M. Wilcox of Southern California; and T. H. Harper of Washington.

THE HOME MISSIONARY THE SEED OF THE CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. Rockwell H. Potter, the newly elected president of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, spoke at the National Council in part as follows:

"The Home Missionary is the seed of the church in the nation. Now, a seed is such a concretion of life as has within it power, finding its proper place, to release a force that can assimilate its proper elements from a new environment and realize anew the life of which it is the fruit. So the Church of Christ, by the sure instinct of all organisms has learned how to produce a true seed, which coming to its own, has the power to release a spirit that can assimilate its proper elements in a new environment, and so reproduce the original life of which it is the fruit. The missionary is the seed of the church, not the blood of the missionary—the blood of the martyrs may be food to the church, but the church is born not of life poured out, but of the life lived out—not the book that the missionary carries, for the message of the book is meaningless unless it is interpreted by the life. The seed of the church is the missionary himself, having in his heart the purpose to spend or be spent in obedience to the commission of his Master, having in his hand the record of that life that sustains his own, having on his lips the message by which he makes known his passion and communicates his vision.

"For a little more than a hundred years the church in this country has recognized its duty and its privilege in this task. Out from Connecticut, as typical of this common movement of the American church of that time, went the men commissioned by the Missionary Society of Connecticut to the northward into Vermont to the westward through the long narrow strip of western reserve, these men with the message on their lips and the book in their hands, and the passion in their hearts, went, trudging, working, riding, sometimes fighting their way into the new country, speaking the message, teaching the book and living out the passion, they moved over the clearings and through the forests, leaving indeed a line of light behind them.

If in any measure our country is worthy today to be called Christian, if in the midst of its prevailing paganism there are the altar fires of true faith, if among its maddened ambitions there are the gleams of lofty ideals, if in the despair of the world's night this nation holds close to its heart the lamp of the hope of a new dawn—it is because the church produced its seed, because it sent forth these men to take their places in its enlarging life, to release from within them the spirit that can find its own among men wherever they are and produce anew under every condition and in every time the life of the beloved community, the fellowship of souls that struggle but in patience, that suffer but in faith, that die but with hope.

What then is the cost of this task? Not without sacrifice in travail is life born anew from the seed of the tiniest flower that grows, or from the seed of the mightiest of human organisms, the church, which is the body of the living Christ Himself.

The cost is great in time. He who plants a church is like the man who sets out in his garden a century plant. For him is the patience, the care, the waiting; for other eyes is the blossom and bloom, the fragrance and the beauty. When I think of Jeremiah Porter, who preached the first sermon in Chicago, or Solomon Giddings who planted the first free church in St. Louis, or Reuben Gaylord who took Sunday with him across the Missouri into Omaha, of the Andover-Iowa Band who carried the message of deep love into the heart of Iowa, and of the Yale-Washington Band who bore the message of life afar over the life of eastern Washington, I stand in reverence before the faith and patience of these pioneers. Of them and of the great host whose talents may have been fewer, and whose opportunities may have been less, but whose courage and fine loyalty were of the same rare high quality, it must be said these all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them from afar. God's great work costs time.

And God's great work costs money. A certain narrow interpretation of the Foreign Missionary movement is estimating the expenditures necessary to carry to its comple-

tion the imperative task of the evangelization of the world. Mere money perhaps can evangelize, but it never can Christianize. Except as the Gospel by life lays hold of money money cannot transmit the message of the gospel, and may, even hinder that transmission. But on the other hand when the gospel really touches the hearts of men they will be content to offer no testimony to its power which is not registered in the outward and visible sign of its inward and invisible grace, and it is such money, minted life, which is necessary, as the price of the task of the American Church in America.

"The essential price is life. The one thing without which the Kingdom cannot come is the gift of human life. It costs the life of the missionary, the man with the book in his hand and the message on his lips and the love on his heart. Every home missionary makes a great adventure. It is true that all the perils are not in the distance. There are some that lurk very near at home. It is a mistake to hold that every man who enlists for home missions thereby sacrifices of a metropolitan pulpit, but it is true that to hang one's life on the double threads of support upon which a home missionary hangs his, namely the support of the local field, and the support of the state or national organization, knowing that he makes the one thread stronger, the other will likely be made correspondingly weaker—requires today about the finest quality of adventure for the Kingdom of God that is being made.

"Moreover, the cost of Home Missions includes the gift of life of the Christian people, of the Christian people upon the mission field, and of the Christian people whose gifts send forth the missionary. These men and women give and organize and pray. Their hearts reach out to all the needy and the darkened and the misled, the stumbling and the falling. Such lives make up the cost of the Church; it is a mighty price, but the law of compensation is inevitable.

"Now the gain of the great task of Home Missions must be seen in varying spheres. There is great gain to the civic life itself. The Home Missionary is always the patriot. His devotion to the nation is worth the more because it is an intelligent and sacrificial devotion. It is concerned not with material welfare, but with human good. The flag for him means something more than the chance to win a fortune and a stage on which to get glory. It means a land for the indwelling of a happy, achieving and aspiring people whose common life is based on righteousness and justice, and is expressed in mercy and in love.

"It is not difficult to see that morality is the gain of Home Missions. Wherever the man with the Book in his hand, the message on his lips, and the love in his heart takes his stand, where the flagrant vices of men find an enemy. Before he is done with his work there is no iniquity vested in the common life that has not received its reproach form his lips, that is not arraigned by his prophetic voice.

"Likewise philanthropy must be credited as a gain of the Home Missions enterprise. Wherever the Home Missionary goes he must, because of the love in his heart, tell with his lips the message of his Book. Wherever he goes, the people see the gracious figure of Jesus in healing ministry, they hear the story of the Good Samaritan; iniquities that work cruelty are condemned, the gift of love receives its crown of divine approval.

"All this is gain to men. Who shall count the gain to God? He has made His great venture in that He has created man with the power to live his spiritual life, if not his physical and mental life apart from Himself. He wills that all men shall come to Him to live their lives in a glad and free fellowship with Him. So great a good is this to Him that it is worth the groaning and travailing of the whole creation from the beginning until now. But God will not, if He could, and He could not, if He would, compel from you or me the homage of our hearts and the fellowship of our wills. The essential gain of our mighty business is its gain to God. It is God's work. We labor together with Him. He pays us our wages in the good things that we can see and understand in human life, but He gives us our reward in the joy of fellowship with Him which passes all understanding as He works out in His mighty purpose that which is exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think, and yet which comes to pass through the power that worketh in us and through the Church in all the ages."

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IN A TIME OF WAR.

Sermon Preached Before the National Council. By Rev. Ozora S. Davis, D.D.

"And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth."—John 17:19.

"He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."—Matt. 10:39.

"But be not ye called Rabbi; for one is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren."—Matt. 23:8.

"The gospel is still good news in Korea," one of our most far-visioned missionaries said recently to a group of business men as he described recent Christian movements in the Orient. So the gospel was good news in the first century to a dismayed and yearning world. And an evangel it always has been in the great ages of Christian history, ringing clearly above all the discords of war and disaster, standing with its serene sanction behind the drift and calamity of doubt. Good news the gospel of Christ is today in a time of war, when the claims of Christianity are challenged as never before and men are perplexed and eager for assurance and comfort.

The Great War, unimaginable as a possibility eighteen months ago, and inconceivable now in its magnitude, its terrible desolation and its grim end, has created a certain temper which demands as never before since the first century the affirmation of the goods news of Jesus Christ. The calamity that has fallen upon our missions in Turkey, which seems to be the colossal barbarity of history, causes the missionaries and friends of the American Board to crave some word of assurance and hope that shall steady them in bearing the present burden and in looking into a fearful future.

Under such circumstances we meet; and it is fitting that we should attempt to define to ourselves the faith which we may hold and the gospel that we may preach as disciples of Christ in a time of war. In trying to do this we shall endeavor to discover the truth that bears upon the present situation from the reported words of Jesus himself.

Struggle For Self.

We see before us the most gigantic struggle for self that ever has been displayed in history. Each warring nation believes sincerely that it is fighting for the preservation of its existence. Its integrity, its well being, its permanence is in peril; and furiously, relentlessly each nation at

war is fighting for its life. It seems as if for the time being the struggle for the life of self were lifted into such prominence that there is no longer room for the good news of Christ, the gospel of altruism and good will.

The present situation sends its roots far back into the first study of natural phenomena, which revealed the selfish and cruel struggle for individual life. This was the conception of the world which found expression in Tennyson's familiar lines:

"For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
The Mayfly is borne by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey."

And this view of the ultimate forces in life was confirmed in one way and another by such a glorification of strength and force as is found in the writings of Nietzsche and in the teachings of the defenders of the egoistic state in politics. At last comes the expression of this terrible doctrine of nature "red in tooth and claw" in the titanic struggle for existence on the part of the greatest nations that the world has seen.

This has raised with new intensity the question: Is the altruism of Jesus a valid gospel any longer? Can co-operation and good will be proclaimed by the Christian Church as the highest laws of life?

Jesus taught these principles, he practiced them in his own daily life, he based the program of the kingdom of heaven upon them, and he trusted with child-like faith that the future would vindicate the worth of his ideals. He summed it up in his words: "And for their sakes I sanctify myself."

Hence as never before the Christian Church is bound to proclaim and to practice the altruism of Jesus in the midst of a world at war. While all the events around us seem to repudiate our doctrine, we must hold steadfastly to it in creed and in conduct.

"The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-sacrifice."

And let us not forget that we have the wider inductions of science and the best findings of politics on our side when we stand for the gospel of Jesus in the midst of a time gone mad with war. The old survey of the summer field which discovered only its warfare and its pain did not go to the root of the matter, and the economics that reckoned only with self-interest and competition did not give an adequate report of all the motives that guide men in trade. Later research has revealed another side to the picture. Along with the struggle of self goes the struggle for the life of others. This is not something that came late in the development of life or of civilization; it appears at the beginning and is involved in the very nature of life itself. It is revealed in the heroisms and nobilities of parenthood. It gives us our new and nobler conception of business as an output of social benefit rather than an intake of individual gain. It furnishes the warrant for the higher welfare and happiness of those communities that co-operate above those that compete. It gives us confidence in our faith that the kingdom of good will is to come.

Therefore as we reaffirm Jesus' gospel of the sacrificial life we know that, although the clouds may just now obscure it, the truth has the sanction of the best accredited science and economics behind it. We are not the defenders of a pale and retreating theory of sacrifice against a ruddy and conquering principle of preservation. Our gospel grounds itself in the very constitution of life and we can defend it and realize it knowing that we have the universe on our side.

The gospel of sacrifice, however, does not invalidate the duty of self-development; it only affirms that the approach to self perfection never can be regarded as an end in itself. The purpose of the perfection of the individual is the larger service that he can render to the world. The Christian ideal begins with the development of power; it bids us be strong and achieving; it insists upon the symmetry and the beauty of the perfected man. Nothing less than the perfect human life of Jesus is the ideal of our preaching. But the process and the purpose of Christian strength do not consist in crushing competitors or destroying other lives. The purpose of all individual and social gain is the uplift and betterment of the weak and needy. "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves."

The Practical Meaning of the Struggle for the Life of Others.

In the life of nations this means that when Cuba is suffering under tyranny and helpless to defend itself, the strong neighbor is to use such force as will set the slave free. But the end of the action is to be the freedom and welfare of the island, not the territorial enrichment of the strong nation.

It means that when a police duty calls American marines to land at Vera Cruz and snipers shoot them from the housetops, the civil population is not massacred in return, but the city is cleansed and then turned back again to its people better than when the troops entered it.

It means that as a man becomes strong he also becomes useful and the life of others is enriched by every increment of gain. So Livingstone inherits Africa, not the strong men of blood who have plundered it for slaves and ivory and rubber.

How splendid is the history of over a century spent by our American Board in the practice of this principle. It has been a struggle. Brave men and beautiful women have died in the same spirit in which the men of the first century bore witness to their Master in their winding sheets of flame. Money has been expended in the terms of millions of dollars in order that an inspiration in daily life and a firm faith in death might be given to men nameless and far distant to their helpers. Compared with statistics of property owned and workers employed, this unwritten record of a hundred years of altruism is the glory of the American Board. And now, as never before, in a time of war that is costing us terrific losses, let us keep unshaken faith in the fact that this spirit will yet conquer the world. The madness of battle has not made our sane principle of life less necessary but more so.

Early in the marvelous building of Gary, Indiana, where the great steel industry has touched the dunes lands with its magic wand, a lame and friendless man drifted in to fight for life with his crippled powers. He sold papers; he fought the cold and the hardships. It was bitter business for Billy Rugh. One day Billy heard that a young woman, a stranger, injured by burning, could not live un-

less a large amount of skin should be grafted upon her body. Her friends had given all they could. Billy Rugh did not know the woman, but he thought of his lamed leg. He went to the hospital and offered all he could give for the saving of the stranger's life. Billy Rugh's "game" leg was cut off; the young woman recovered; the story of the deed caught the attention of commercialized and cosmopolitan Gary. The people gave money to build Billy a booth in which to sell his papers; they filled the hospital room with flowers. It was in vain as far as Billy Rugh's life was concerned; he died from the operation. But the love and the thanks were not wasted, and he said quietly and happily at the end, "I guess I am some good after all." And this was the share that a crippled newsy bore in the struggle for the life of others. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these ye did it unto me." Jesus was right. His gospel shines like a pitying sun touching with creative power the wasted fields where men have fought mistakenly in the mad frenzy of war for the sole right to a place in its splendor.

Fratricidal War And Its Christian Equivalent.

In another respect we are compelled to face new issues in this time of war. The world seems for the moment almost forced to consent that the highest expression of a nation and the supreme energy to evoke the noblest virtues is fratricidal war. The brave but unpopular champions of the faith that there are Christian equivalents for war are just now challenged and hard pressed on every side. The militarists have the field. The noise of the cannon is too near to let the voice of reason be heard. All the more cause is there for the gospel of Christ to be proclaimed now with all the force that its disciples and defenders can muster.

It is not a new conflict. The war doctrine lies consistently back of all militarism and navalism and it masquerades in all arguments for a kind of preparedness which makes war practically inevitable. Militarism has been a favorite doctrine of all strong and aggressive races and leaders. It has been defended by the men of letters as well as by the men of action.

Ruskin did not hesitate to throw the whole force of his reasoning and beauty of expression into such statements as these:

"All the pure and noble acts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace—in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace."

Bernhardi defends the proposition that "war is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality."

Sounding clearly above these voices is another, however, and it speaks with an authority that does not come from the camps of war, "He that findeth his life, shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The Example And Teaching Of Jesus.

Over against this doctrine that the martial virtues can be evoked and strengthened only by fratricidal war, stands squarely the example and the practice of Jesus. We oppose all militarism with the proposition that there is a full equivalent for war in the service of humanity for the sake of Christ.

The defense of this proposition rests first upon the choice of Jesus himself. He began his ministry in a time of eager longing for a military leader. His people were ready for revolt against Rome. They would have followed the announcement of a military program with their fortunes and their lives. But Jesus faced the situation and chose with unerring insight. He said to Pilate, the representative of the greatest military nation of his age:

"My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews."

The words of Jesus were at one with his practice. There can be no question as to the teaching of physical non-resistance in the Sermon on the Mount. The use of military force is contrary to the commands of Jesus Christ.

Yet the fact of struggle and the worth of the martial virtues are clearly recognized in the teaching of the Master. The life to which he called his disciples was no career of softness. Sharp antagonisms and intense conflicts were involved in following Him. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I am not come to send peace, but a sword." But the sword was the symbol of those desperate collisions between right and wrong, between love and hate, in the settlement of which greater heroism and loftier courage are involved than military history reports.

The earliest descriptions of the Christian life and character were cast into the terms of conflict and the life of a soldier. Paul never obscured the martial character of the Christian life.

"It is not a conflict with mere flesh and blood, but with the despotisms, the empires, the forces that control and govern this dark world—the spiritual hosts of evil arrayed against us in the heavenly warfare."

The earliest Christians had no more use for softness, for the spiritual molly-coddle, than has the most ardent defender of military discipline. When some of them were too indulgent with themselves, a counselor wrote:

"In your struggle against sin you have not yet resisted so as to endanger your lives."

Every figure and term is employed to make clear the seriousness, the intensity, the virility of the Christian struggle.

The School For The Martial Virtues.

Our controversy with the militarist is primarily over the question whether fratricidal war is the best or the sole agent for developing the martial virtues. We unite in applauding and promoting those qualities which are commonly said to be the peculiar product of war. Physical health, courage, endurances, resourcefulness, self-reliance and co-operation where each is necessary, comradeship and self-sacrifice, these are among the so-called martial virtues. And these are necessary to the permanet well-being of humanity. Better the death and calamity of war unless these virtues can be educed by other means.

But we have been quite too willing to suffer ourselves to be impaled upon either horn of an imaginary dilemma. We do not need to choose between the inflicting of death and disaster upon an enemy in a military campaign and a

state of demoralizing inaction under which the martial virtues perish.

There is an equivalent of war. It is a "moral" equivalent, as William James made clear years ago. It is a Christian equivalent, as every disciple of Christ must declare and exemplify it in this time of war. This consists in releasing the martial virtues to other and nobler ends than war. To mobilize mankind to useful labor; to enlist trained minds in the continued fight with fear and superstition in the presence of God's majestic world; to summon devoted and disciplined men and women to annihilate the foes to man's physical welfare; to captain the hosts who shall become "soldiers of the common good," this is the higher militarism to which the Christian Church calls the world today. And in that conflict every virtue that the noblest war of history has called forth will be trained and perfected. This is the new heroism.

A Soldier Of The Commonwealth.

A short time ago the political life of a great state in the Middle West became sodden with bribery and the shame of it involved the national Congress. In the exposure and cleansing that followed it came to pass that a business man, a layman of quiet efficient force in a Congregational Church, became involuntarily the possessor of information of critical importance to the community in the case. He knew what it would cost to "speak out boldly in God's name." But he never flinched; he never compromised. He told the whole truth. Then the pack flew at him. All that threats, plots and perjury could do to kill him or to ruin him was shamelessly done by the craven crowd that he had exposed. He looked in the face of physical death without fear and he defied those who tried by the foulest scandal to dishonor his name. The courts vindicated him and exposed his traducers. His years of blameless living were beyond assault. He won in every instance. But it cost his health, a large part of his fortune, the suffering of his friends—and all because he was a good soldier of Jesus Christ in the fight for civic purity. Where can fratricidal war show a nobler example of all martial virtue in exercise than this brave, triumphant fight of this undecorated soldier of the commonwealth?

Never before was the opportunity so challenging for the Christian Church to hold before its young people the call of their generation to exercise the martial virtues for noble ends. Christian citizenship involves as great sacrifice, bravery and difficulty as is presented on the battle fronts of Europe. We have not yet offered our eager and chivalric youth the Christian equivalent of war. This year of battle frenzy and headlong rush into military preparedness is the time for steadiness and the true sense of values. The call is for good soldiers of Jesus Christ

There is another field to which we look with pride for examples of the martial virtues that have not been bred in fratricidal war. With a full century of missionary heroism behind us, we dare challenge the military historian to match our records of statesmanship, of courage, of patient endurance, of every soldierly quality, which make the work of the American Board illustrious around the world. There is nothing nobler, braver, diviner than this century of shining deeds, done with no thought of iron crosses but in simplest acceptance of the principle for which the Cross stands forever in human life. When we are being told that our young men must be taught to shoot and to shoot to kill, we dare cite the loftier heroism of our intrepid missionaries who have been soldiers for the preservation and not for the destruction of life. It is in such a school that the martial virtues are best nurtured.

The Growth Of Race Hatred.

A third disastrous situation created by the Great War is the impetus which it is giving to race hatred and the sanction that it offers to a selfish and parochial patriotism. The conflict itself has issued in no small degree from the racial and national contempt that has been spreading through the world, as nationalism and sectionalism have grown at the expense of international good will and the ideal of human brotherhood as Jesus taught it. Use the noun "menace" and each of the warring races will quickly attach the adjective descriptive of its foes and use the term with fierce passion to describe its enemies. Use the noun "peril" and men of each color will use it with a qualifying adjective to designate a skin of another hue, and will employ the phrase to justify repressive or war-like measures. Thus race antagonism and national jealousy, fanned into flame, have finally burst out into awful conflagration of today.

A process of national solidification has been going on for years throughout the whole world. The hyphen has been growing in popularity. "Pan-Slavism," "India for the Indians"; "The Yellow Peril", there is a common tendency behind these many watchwords. One of the reasons for this unspeakable last crime against the Armenians is said to be the policy to expel from the boundaries of the Turkish state all alien elements. Thus, in the midst of what has seemed to be great gains for human brotherhood, a stubborn and disastrous reactionary movement has been making headway. The time has come to declare with new clearness and force the gospel of Christ concerning human brotherhood.

The Higher Patriotism.

True patriotism and national loyalty are not disparaged by the Christian doctrine of brotherhood. Just as one may be a loyal member of his own family and also true to the claim of the clan and the state, so one may be faithful to obligations that root in the ties of nation and race and at the same time fulfill his highest responsibility to humanity. It is possible, however, for patroitism to degenerate into a subtle and deadening selfishness. One may love his land and his race with a partisan zeal that robs such high loyalty of its grace and splendor. Whenever this vicious allegiance sings itself into such "Songs of Hate" as the Great War has already produced, we have the degradation of patriotism and love of native land is changed from a blessing to a curse.

The higher patriotism interprets loyalty to fatherland in the terms of human brotherhood, and defines nationalism in the terms of international obligation and service. It speaks its own language and rejoices in ancient traditions; but it feels and it acts in the universal language of international good will. Its diplomacy is that of John Hay, too honest to be quickly understood by those who have learned only the vernacular of intrigue. Its love of country is that which burned in the breast of Lincoln, who today is nobly recognized as the South's truest friend as he was the North's most loyal son. Its final expression is in the ideal of Christ for that highest union of all the sons of men in the sonship of God and in a brotherhood of mutual good will and service.

If ever there was a place and time when this gospel of Jesus must be preached and practiced with passionate loy-

alty it is in America today with the spell of the Great War upon us. Here if anywhere the brotherhood of men is to be realized.

On the 6th of October in the washer room adjoining furnace No. 1 in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago twenty-six furnace blowers were resting for a few minutes. Suddenly Sheldon Lacey heard a noise and saw the base of the big valve in the pipe carrying the waste gas drop down. This released the deadly poison into the room. Lacey was near the door. To try to force back the base and hold the gas until the flow could be checked would mean fearful peril and it might mean death. The men were foreigners, united in the brotherhood of hard labor. Lacey thought like lightning. This was his task. "Get out, boys!" he yelled, "I'll hold it back a while." The men ran. Lacey reached the valve and got the base up. But the loose connections and the hole where the rivet had failed let the deadly gas upon him. He and the valve base fell together. Then Pietro Moncilochi, his "Dago" partner ran back. He dragged Lacey half way to the door; then they went into a heap. Four others lugged the two into the fresh air and collapsed.

A few hours later both Lacey and Moncilochi died in the Company hospital. A reporter added these sentences to the report in the morning papers:

"The four volunteers were lying near, still unconscious and perhaps dying. No one knew the names of the four. Men go by numbers in the mills until they die."

Now this is brotherhood, overleaping every selfish interest, defying custom and race and rank and creed, and realizing itself in those immortal heroisms that free us all from the charge of bondage to low aims in life's supreme moments.

The Highest Brotherhood.

Such an expression of a brotherhood that is stronger than death and leaps differences of race is noble and heroic. There is, however, a higher form and a deeper basis. It is the brotherhood of all mankind realized in allegiance to Christ. "One is your Master; all ye are brethren." "This is the Christian gospel to a distracted world.

This ideal is challenged as never before. It is the so-called Christian nations that are at war. Alliances between states that seem incredible from a Christian standpoint are being carried out. Brother Christians are killing each other. Is our mesage only a form of empty words?

We know that it is not. Over against the madness of the Great War we hold up the practical results of our missionary program. For over a century we have been making the brotherhood of Christ our aim in missions. We have affirmed and defended it against all racial and national hatreds, and it has won victories steadily in Africa and India and China. Sometimes it has failed. Sometimes it has been denied in practice, as it is suffering its greatest historic betrayal now. Yet it is supreme truth for a warring world. And in the saner moments of every monarch and of each private soldier the truth of the ideal is recognized. There is only one form in which the unity and brotherhood of man ever can be completely realized, that is, in allegiance and personal relation to Christ. When his spirit guides the state true brotherhood will be attained.

There is one clear voice above the storm of these awful days. It is the evangel of Christ. Our missionaries have been driven from their fields; our institutions have been broken up; our converts and native leaders have been slain. Our pulpits are forced to the defensive and our Christian testimony seems denied by the practice of Christians. So the scattered disciples fared after the death of Jesus. This is the hour in which we wait for our Pentecost. Clear thinking is not enough. To change the forms of our institutions will not furnish us the power we need. We must return to the conscious experience of the Christ who lives forever and renew the faith that fused a group of strangers into a brotherhood of service on the day when the church was born. To meet our exigent situation we must be strong in the spirit that is from above. Then we shall believe and achieve with the apostolic energy. The highest brotherhood will issue from a renewal of the supreme faith in Christ the Master.

The Challenge Of Faith.

To affim the altruism of Jesus, the Christian equivalent of war and the brotherhood of men in Jesus Christ is the test of the vision and the faith of the Christian Church in this time of war. There come great moments in the history of the race when its leaders hear again the old command to go forth into a land that they know not and to make the great adventure. Ahead of them are weary marches and scant rest on their pilgrim way. They must face the unknown without fear and suffer the weariness of hope deferred. Only in the good, full time of God are they honored, and that may be after their yearning hearts are still in death. Of that they will make no account. It was enough for them to have seen the vision and to have followed its high behest.

Many are telling us that Christianity has failed. Others see only disaster for all spiritual enterprises looming in the near future. We gather in this Council, however, and we meet as a missionary Society, solemnized but not dismayed, suffering but not discouraged. We throw ourselves into the struggle for the life of others with profounder passion, we devote ourselves to the service of men in the name of Christ with deeper consecration, and we affirm the unity and brotherhood of mankind with more resolute confidence as we meet the challenge of a world at war in the faith of Jesus Christ, our Master and our Lord.

SIGHTS AND INSIGHTS IN NEW ENGLAND.

E. Lyman Hood.

The six commonwealths comprising the Northeastern corner of the United States called New England, in area are only a little larger than the State of Georgia. The population, however, is several times as great. In the northern half of this region the climate is cold and severe. Only one city of considerable size is found. All over New England, a visitor from other portions of America is impressed by the vast stretches of waste land, used for no purpose. In the Southern half, the stranger is surprised to find so many large and prosperous cities along the coast and rivers.

New England is not an agricultural, but a manufacturing country, which sends the product of its inventive genius to all the world. The creative imagination of the Yankees, combined with the thorough education given its sons and

daughters, gives the key to the marvelous success and wealth of its people. Nowhere else on the globe has machinery been developed to such precision and excellence of execution; nowhere else have schools, colleges, universities and seminaries been so wisely led and so bountifully sustained.

Some years ago an article appeared in a leading periodical written by one of our most profound scholars and astute statesmen, entitled, "The Geographical Distribution of Ability in America." This paper said Massachusetts led all the Union in ability. The publication made a sensation, and quotations from it were very widely published in many lands.

Three words give the clue to New England's greatness—home—church—school. From the earliest days of the Pilgrim Fathers, the fireside of New England has been the center of that determining social unit. From the mountains of Northern New England to the Southern shores on the great sea, everywhere and always, the traveler from the South and West is delighted at the ever-present sight of beautiful and satisfying homes.

The church also affords a certain answer to the inquiry regarding the greatness and prosperity of New England. In the center of the typical New England village one is sure to see the well-kept house of God. Its honored history as well as its architectural beauty enlists the pride of all the inhabitants of the town. Not alone the outward view of the building, but the inner life of its people—generous, benevolent, self-sacrificing, attest the certain cause of the leadership in religious work of the New England Puritans. Not only do they sustain their own churches with magnanimous liberality, but they also give with prayerful faith and unselfish bounty to Christ's work throughout the world.

New England spells education. Institutions of learning are so numerous, so substantially housed, so adequately equipped, so generously sustained, one would think it a crime to grow up in ignorance. The public school system has made it possible for the poorest child to obtain thorough preparation for usefulness in life.

As the clergy of New England churches have always been known for their learning and worth; so the teachers in their schools and colleges have excelled in imparting helpful information and developing character.

The present summer is the eleventh the writer, in the interests of the Seminary in Atlanta, has spent in several portions of these commonwealths. Each year, five of the six States have been visited. It has been a great privilege thus to see the best in this favored land. Out of this rare experience, giving sight and insight, what are my thoughts I would share with readers of The Pacific?

First, the certainty that New England is passing through a momentous transition. In fact, we do not exceed the truth in declaring that these six states have already passed through. The change is no less than a social and religious revolution. The New England of the past has gone, never to return. Immigration, numbering over one million yearly, has settled largely in these small states. On the other hand, among the old New England stock, marriage has decreased to a degree never known before in history. And the birthrate among the same classes has declined to a point unknown before.

Congregationalists are still the most numerous of the Protestant bodies, but Roman Catholics are now in the majority in all these states. Plymouth, where the Pilgrims first landed on the rock, has become in recent years a Portuguese town. The French from Canada now control scores of townships. The Poles are fleeing from their home land by thousands annually to occupy the farms of New England. Boston is ruled by the Irish. One-third almost, of the population of New Haven, the home of Yale University, is Italian. The Jews already control entire industries where a generation ago these people were unknown.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

are the lines of the hymn our ancestors rejoiced to sing. And the modern migration of races in our own days and generation has presented the most serious problems now confronting both church and state among the mightiest nations of the earth.One thing is assured in New England at least, socially, racially, the yesterdays are gone; in the tomorrows are the hope and reward.

If the above facts are correct, and the United States official census proves them to be so, it indicates the loss of New England has been the gain of other portions of America. As the "foreigners" pour into these northern commonwealths in a veritable flood, its people for generations go westward and southward, carrying with them their energy and faith. From a seed-sowing, wide as the continent, is springing up a golden harvest in church and school which make life worth the living. Congregationalism with its simple faith in Jesus the Christ, and its government of and by the people under the direct guidance of God, has been borne to the farthest shores. A number of the largest denominations in the South are only found in half the states. They are necessarily provincial, not national. Our communion has set up its banners in every commonwealth. Our denomination is not divided, but united, and we look in vain for a Congregational Church, East, or a Congregational Church, West, or North, or South.

Precious, yea priceless beyond compare, is the heritage our fathers bequeathed us, their children of a distant day. Knowing no sacrifice, withal, and with clear vision, comprising both earth and heaven, our forbears crossed stormy seas to found on Atlantic coasts the empires yet to be—New England, New York, Virginia and the Carolinas. Verily, they builded better than they knew, counting their lives not as dear unto themselves if they might establish happy homes for their loved ones, rear the temples of praise and prayer and found schools to be light-houses of learning for all. Surely God has blessed us as he has no other nation. May we be faithful and worthy of the inheritance

Atlanta, Georgia.

PRAYER.

Harold S. Tuttle.

In the average congregation there are more people interested in prayer than in the intellectual aspects of any other single problem.

Speak about prayer thoughtfully and without cant to almost any audience or individual and you command attention. In meeting one's sincere questions regarding the

reality of prayer, it is no evasion of the problem to first say "Pray." The final proof of prayer is prayer. Praying is the only adequate method of testing the reality of prayer. Experience alone will finally satisfy.

The irreligious man can never be argued into a belief in prayer. Testing it out will alone convince him. I talked a few days ago with a man who for months had been wrestling with the angel. I could seem to find no way of reaching him to help him to victory. Finally I asked him to say with me, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." Hesitatingly he began the words; and the saying became praying. In a moment the whole struggle was over, and the man became a new creature. He knows the reality of prayer; but not from books.

The young man who lately took his stand as a Christian and with glowing face and glistening eyes said, "Lord, I thank you for the new life you have given me"—he too came to know the genuineness of prayer only by testing it.

The Psalmist of any age or land, who, touching any phase of life is able to say, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord" is not soon in danger of sceptical arguments regarding prayer.

The race has prayed. And because of having prayed it believes in prayer. How wise was the command of Jesus so often repeated, "Pray!"

Because men found reality in prayer they began to seek explanations for it. It was inevitable that these should arise, and that by this time a great body of tradition should have developed. In the wake of traditional explanations it was also inevitable that there should come a challenge of those explanations. We chance to live at that point in human progress where the challenge has arisen.

Once we might—today we dare not refuse to help the troubled intellect, at the same time we exhort the heart to pray. And is not this, in substance, the answer that will help the doubting mind? If it be the true answer it will help.

To question an explanation is for many to question the reality. This is erroneous. The very intellect that demands truth at any cost fails to discriminate between the account and the thing accounted for. The accepted explanation of prayer may be in error without arguing in the least that prayer itself is unreal. Disproving explanations have no bearing on the facts that served to call them forth. The fallacy of such a process of logic must be clear.

Men once said that a great earthquake caused the scene of marvelous beauty, Yosemite Valley. Later geologists proved that the theory was false. Does the mind that seeks the truth reply, "If you question the explanation I must give up my belief in the existence of Yosemite Valley?" Shall we argue differently of prayer? The fact of Yosemite and the reality of prayer are proved by quite other processes than defending explanations.

When Tyndall argued for the meteoric theory of the sun's heat his opponents did not reply, "We can disprove your explanation; therefore we can no longer believe that the sun gives us heat."

On the contrary, the very existence of an explanation suggests the likelihood that preceding it there was a fact that stimulated the intellect to find an explanation.

Take a concrete case. "I cannot believe that my prayer will change God. It must then be merely autosuggestion, and no prayer at all."

If you mean that you cannot by praying change God's judgment, or alter his willingness to grant you some favor, you are right; you cannot change God. In his omniscience there is no place for our parleying with his or revealing a new and truer point of view, or reminding him of considerations he had overlooked. Nor can we win his favor or arouse his admiration for us or awaken in him any deeper desire to please us. His will toward us is already the attitude of infinite love. His judgment and good will cannot be improved by all our prayers: they are already perfect.

But perchance that is not the only means of changing God.

I took a delightful walk one day from Millbrae up to the stone dam that holds one of the lakes of the S. V. W. Co. When I returned home and wanted to bathe my face I realized that compared with the bowlful of water I wanted the supply in the lake I had just seen was practically infinite. I could not increase the pressure nor work any magic influence to cause it to come into the empty wash bowl. Did I sigh, "Nothing I can do will affect that great system; I am at its mercy and helpless." Of course I did no such stupid thing. I knew that a closed faucet prevented the water's flow. So I oepned the faucet.

God may seek infinitely to flow into our lives, while we keep the faucet closed. Prayer will permit—not cause but permit—God's life to flow into ours, filling every need.

Can prayer change God? Not his judgment nor his willingness. But by permitting his energy to operate in us, prayer does change his activity. In that sense prayer does change God!

The illustration is of course too mechanical. Go into a school room where a wise teacher is telling facts that would enable the pupils to find untold delights in flowery hillside or shady forest or shell strewn beach. The pupils are busy whispering and viewing one another's toys,—the only barrier to their larger pleasures being their self-centered interest. Would they but ask the question by word or attitude that would turn their attention to the teacher, and his riches of knolwedge would be theirs. God waits eagerly, longingly to give the consciousness of life's values and secrets. Prayer fixes our attention upon him, enabling him to impart his words of life. Because it turns your attention to the willing giver, "ask and ye shall receive."

This case is truer; for our relations to God are personal, not mechanical. We cannot receive except as we enter into fellowship with him. Not for lack of willingness, but of personal contact, God cannot give us what we need without prayer. By bringing us into that personal fellowship that makes possible his self-giving on our behalf, prayer changes God.

So the genuineness of prayer does not depend on proof of the old explanation that our petitions influenced God's decisions; for other explanation is possible. The recognition of personality, and the necessity of personal relations with God in order that life may be complete, wholly destroy the argument that our prayer cannot change God. We must add then to the quoted command of Jesus, "Pray," his further teaching of the mutual nature of prayer, "When ye pray say Our Father."

The importance of this mutual relationship in the simplest acts of personal service came in homely form to my notice lately. At dinner we served spaghetti salad, a favorite dish for our four-year-old. He soon made away with his supply and started calling, "Daddy, I want some more spaghetti, Daddy, I want some more spaghetti." But he kept his eye on his own plate and scraped away at the remaining particles, unmindful that Daddy all the while

was waiting with a generous spoonful to serve him. All that was needed to receive a full supply was for him to look up and pass his plate.

At God's great banquet table we sit like greedy children scraping our plates and complaining at the scant crumbs, while our loving Host waits, eager to give us the richest serving, if only we will look up and pass our plates.

Prayer is turning our attention to God and opening the way for that personal activity that will enrich our lives. Our mutual relations with God are essential to all that makes life vital and significant. Because God is a personality and we are personalities God cannot give except as we come into fellowship with him.

Because we are not seeking to alter God's decisions, but to attain that character which comes only through personal ideals, and that growth which is inspired only through friendship, it follows, not that prayer is unreal, but that when we pray we must say Our Father.

The other difficulty is presented in this argument: "God works through immutable laws. Our fortunes or misfortunes,—life, health, wealth, power, all come as effects of definite causes: forces of nature, human ideas, our own intelligence and initiation. We have no right to ask that our petty whims be granted. If we cannot direct natural laws to our benefit we have no claims on the benefits. Even if God could break his laws and satisfy our requests, it would be blasphemous for us to ask it."

Such an objection to prayer assumes that the "things" we get are the objects and real justification of our prayers. To pray that there may be no more earthquakes or floods or tornadoes, and base our faith on literal answers to such prayers is anything but reverent. To test prayer by the answers to demands (named by whatsoever mild word) for money or positions or health or recovery of friends or any tangible thing lacks equally in logic and piety.

Yet this is no proof that prayer may not contain petition. Perchance there are often gifts worth praying for. We are dealing with neither a bargainer nor a politician, but with a friend. And our prayer must fulfill friendship's requirements—reverence for the personality of our friend. We may not as friends ask of God that which contradicts his very nature. Crudely, we may not pray for success in cheating a customer nor in deceiving an employer, nor in spiting an imperfect neighbor. For in so praying we would be asking God to blight our character, which in his very relation of friend he could not do. Less crudely, but not less truly, we may not ask God unconditionally for a situation or for money, for wealth or power, for health or life of self of friend. These material things have no final significance in our lives, nor to God. At most they are but means to moral and spiritual ends.

But for the moral and spiritual ends themselves, for the elements of character, for the constituents of personality, unconditionally we may pray. And on the answer to such prayer we may rest our belief in the reality of prayer.

For guidance in trying experiences; for strength in temptation; for comfort in sorrow; for patience in suffering; for vision to see life's values; for faith in man and God; for sympathy with those who are tried; for generosity toward those who cannot repay; for a genuine spirit of brotherliness that reveals the worth of a human soul,—for these we may pray with all our hearts, and expect a literal answer to our prayer. As friend God seeks our greatest growth and loftiest character. For love and all the rainbow colors that compose it we may pray,—we must pray. For character comes only by personal fellowship; and prayer is the way to fellowship with God.

The difficulties, then, in regard to prayer which many minds feel, are not due to any weakening of the arguments for prayer itself; but to a weakening of the arguments for certain traditional explanations of prayer. Prayer itself has lost no claims on human hearts. Through the centuries the human mind has insisted on discussing the realities it witnesses. Theology has kept some of these realities before the mind. Philosophy has given in a degree the pleasure of seeming to understand mysterious things. Psychology has addd a great new mass of knowledge regarding mental processes and methods. All these are to be heeded, and as needs be, corrected. They are but explanations. If explanations fail to satisfy, or prove erroneous, we must seek new explanations. The realities remain. These we must use. God remains; prayer remains; the possibility of our character development remains. Not in spite of the intellect and its discoveries, but in the light of these, pray!

In its exercise will be found the proof of prayer's reality; in the nature of personality, its explanation. "Pray." "And when ye pray say, Our Father."

Among the Churches.

Ocean View.—Morning and evening there were over fifty people at the service last Sunday.

Boulevard, Oakland.—Rev. R. Walker preached to a large and appreciative audience.

Mill Valley.—Had the largest attendance at Sunday School during the present pastorate.

Bethlehem, San Francisco.—Rev. Asa Snider has returned from Oregon after an absence in Oregon of several months. He preached to a full house last Sunday.

Next Monday morning the Ministers' Club will meet in the lower lecture room (instead of the upper lecture lecture room) of the First Church. Rev. Roy Campbell will give an address on "What Became of Those Cedars of Lebanon?"—a filling out of a Bible story.

First, Oakland.—The Rev. Francis J. Van Horn, D.D., preached last Sunday evening on old-fashioned love stories. In the course of his address, Dr. Van Horn thought the woman should have the privilege of proposing as doubtless a good many do either direct or by implication.

San Francisco, Mission.—A Boy's Club has recently been organized, which includes in its membership, boys of the community as well as boys of the Church. Two members of the celebrated "California Grays" of San Francisco have charge of the work of the Club. Various drills, games and recreational life make up the program of activity. Another community work, recently started by Mission Church, is a class in tatting. A competent teacher was secured who gives her services gratis, and a number of women are making the most of the opportunities to learn this popular work. Other classes in fancy sewing are being organized.

Glendale.—Rev. E. H. Willisford, Ph.D., Pastor. At the recent communion service thirteen, all adults were received into membership. Rally Day brought an attendance of 191, the Sunday School has a net enrollment of 218. In the

four years since the first Congregational services were held in Glendale 430 persons have been members of the Sunday School and 200 have been received into the church. The church membership now numbers 160. This community suffers much from a changing population. At the mid-week service the pastor is conducting a study of the book of Revelation. The annual "Penny Social" was recently held by the Gleaner's (girl's) class and netted $36. This is always one of the big little affairs of the year.

NORTHWESTERN WASHINGTON NOTES.

Sultan is the only pastorless church in the Association. Faithful leaders are holding the work together during a period of financial difficulty. There will be a fine opportunity here for the right man, some day.

Lowell is fortunate in securing Rev. A. I. Ferch, late of Tolt, as its pastor. The people have given the pastor and his wife a fine reception. The minister of this church is practically chaplain to the workers in the large paper mill.

The Union Church of Pinehurst, near Everett, is expected to come into Congregational fellowship. Professor Hardwick, principal of the Lincoln school in Everett, has fostered the spirit of religion in this community. Mr. Hardwick is a fine Christian gentleman and when unable to secure a preacher has filled the pulpit with more than average sermonic ability.

Arlington church, after a few months lapse in the pastorate, is growing under the ministry of Carl J. Swain. The new church plant was designed specially for the promotion of a social center for the community. Mr. Swain will ably respond to the opportunity presented.

Everett, under the leadership of Rev. Elbert E. Flint, has taken on new life in every department. The pulpit ministry has attracted larger numbers of people at both services. Sunday evening forums with laymen and laywomen, have brought a phase of discussion of vital topics much desired. The work among the young people has received the largest emphasis. The boys are organized under the name of The Knights of King Arthur, led by the pastor. Some of the boys have united with the church. The pastor camped during the summer with the club. The young men are organized into a club known as the Loyal Sons of the West. They use the High school gymnasium, form a Bible class, and also conduct a class in parliamentary training. The Brotherhood prepared and served a dinner to one hundred and fifty guests. The church plant is inadequate to the work being done.

Coupeville has been served since the first of the year by R. M. Pratt, and the old church has been awakened from its lethargy. The whole community has felt the shock. People who had not attended church for years now come three times a week. The lecture room is added to the auditorium on Sunday evenings. The number attending the mid-week service is in excess of the resident membership of the church. The annual meeting was held recently when the pastor was re-elected for an indefinite period. A few days later over one hundred members and friends crowded the parsonage, awaiting the return of the pastor and his wife from a dinner party. A substantial purse of money was presented and cordial words of appreciation spoken. The boys of the church are organized as The Knights of the White Cross and have fitted up the basement of the church with Y. M. C. A. features. The building has been renovated throughout at an expense of $250. An eight page bulletin published by the Christian Endeavor Society keeps the services in the mind of the community.

Snohomish church after a lapse in the pastorate of two months, called Rev. Leonard Garver, of California, to lead the church. Mr. Garver has strengthened the cause with an effective pulpit ministry and has revived the work among the boys. The church is equipped with a gymmnasium and recently business men of the city gathered to effect an organization for social fellowship and physical culture.

Drs. Mason and Scudder, of Seattle, recently addressed a fellowship gathering bringing the greetings of the churches and endeavoring to place the church on a good financial basis. This is a difficult field, but those who know Mr. Garver are confident that he will put considerable weight behind the work. A new preaching palace for Sunday afternoons has been opened at the Riverview school house.

Blaine is steadily growing under the ministry of Joseph Weiss. The fall meeting of the Northwestern Association will be held there on November 2 and 3. The program now in the hands of pastors and delegates promises a splendid, profitable session. The matter of the Model Constitution will be discussed and adopted with such modifications as may be necessary to fit local conditions.

INLAND EMPIRE NOTES.

By J. Edwards.

The most helpful affair that has taken place in this city for Congregationalism for some time, was a gathering of men at the Westminister church, which resulting in the organization of a Congregational club. There was a splendid representation from all the churches of the city, among them some of the strongest laymen. We were also fortunate in having present and to participate the Rev. E. A. King, the executive secretary of the State Conference, Dr. Scudder, the superintendent of the conference, and Dr. H. F. Swartz, of the National Home Missionary Society. The three made speeches of a high order dealing with the state and national missionary problems. The need of co-operation and fellowship was emphasized. After some earnest talks from laymen an organization was effected and officers elected, and also a committee was appointed to draw up a constition and by-laws to report at the earliest convenience. Such an organization is very much needed and much is expected from it.

Westminster church is making wholesome progress under the ministry of Dr. T. H. Harper. The congregations are large on Sunday mornings, and above the average on Sunday evenings, attracted by discourses on special subjects, high grade singing and some stereoptical views. The preaching is always thoroughly evangelistic. All the auxiliaries of the church are in good working condition and doing effective work. The Sunday school has reached its highest mark in attendance.

Rev. Carl H. Veazie returned from Oakland, and started for New Haven to attend the meetings of the National Council in a few days. We do not want Oakland to steal brother Veazie from us if they can possibly help it, but we realize that California could not possibly get along without recruits from Washington. The writer felt quite at home in talking to the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last summer, for the majority of them were from this state, and California would be poor indeed without them.

Pilgrim church observed its 25th anniversary on Tuesday evening of this week. Rev. T. W. Walters, former general missionary, now residing at Colfax, and the writer were the only ones present who participated in the organization. This church has done good work in the past and is doing well at present, and we believe, promises to do better in the future. It was the first church in the community which it occupies, and for years practically the only one to support regular preaching, but at present there are eight churches within eight blocks. Pilgrim is the best equipped and has a splendid constituency, and with a strong leader must win. The spirit of cheer prevailed during the anniversary service, and we expect them to find the right man in the near future.

Rev. J. W. Skerry, of Priest river, is to take charge of the Lidgerwood church, and also Five Mile Prairie, and Glendora churches in the suburbs.

Rev. J. P. Jokensen, of the Lidgerwood church, has taken charge of the Lincoln Heights church, with the Glenrose mission.

Rev. W. D. Eddy, whom we reported as gone astray by joining a Dowieite sect has returned to the fold.

Evangelists Smith and Gilmore have just closed a series of meetings, held in a tent, at Pasadena, a suburb of the city. The meetings were well attended and proved helpful to the community, and quite a number made a decision for Christ.

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 22d, 1915.

THE JEWS AS FARMERS.

In twenty-seven States and Canada are 5,000 farms owned by Jews, with a total population of probably 18,000 says a writer in the New York Sun: All of the farms are prosperous, and most of them run by men who a few years ago were living in tenements. Jewish farmers own farms and farm property valued at $33,000,000. There are hundreds of Jews working as farm laborers in various States gathering experience for the day when they will have farms of their own. In the agricultural colleges of the different States are ever increasing numbers of Jewish students, most of them city born and some of them the sons of men who left the tenements but a few years before. In the cities themselves are numbers of Jews saving under the advice of the society and looking forward to the day when they too will leave the city and start life anew on farms. Such is the result of a few years work of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society. The man who undertakes the management of a farm under the

It may fill my soul with its grandeur,

the society has its staff of experts, who have studied farming from every angle. They know, almost before a man goes on a farm, what problems he will meet and have the machinery ready to solve these problems for him. The machinery includes farm loans, rural credit associations, a farm labor bureau, educational work, including the activities of the agricultural school and the lecture bureaus, and above all co-operation among the farmers themselves. This rush of the Jews from the tenements to the farm is not an artificial movement fostered by well meaning philanthropists. There is no "back to the farm" campaign behind it. It is not even a charitable movement. Jews are turning farmers because the land calls them, and the society merely acts as a guide, directing and encouraging those who are anxious on their own initiative to become farmers. It even discourages those who are shown by investigation not to be fitted for farm life. The society is only aiding the movement begun by the tenement dwellers themselves to get away from the city.

The Home.

THE ETERNAL CROSS.

Cross Eternal, sign prophetic
  Of the grace of God to win
Human life to life immortal;
  Break o'er earth the spell of sin.

Cross in Nature, pain and travail,
  Wreckage strown on endless strands;
Seers divine its mystic meaning,
  Lo! the age-long symbol stands.

Cross inlaid on ancient altars,
  Veiled in lambs and victims meek;
Priest and prophet tell its story,
  Pledge secure to all who seek.

Cross of Christ, Love's power and passion,
  Stooping low to lift our load;
Crown our common tasks with sainthood,
  Lead the way to God's abode.

Cross, of human life the glory,
  Laid wherever sin meets love,
Bearing it, up-borne upon it,
  Rise we to Christ's joy above.

—George W. Phillips.

MINGLED YARN.

"The longer I live," said a man of ripe age and thoughtful mind, "the less I can arrange people under two categories of 'good' and 'bad' that seemed so simple and satisfactory in my youth. When I was twenty, people were either good or bad to my untutored eye. A thief was a bad man; a philanthropist was a good one. That was all there was of it. But the more I have learned of motives and of men, the less I can class humanity into saints and sinners. The thing that has puzzled me most in life is not the origin of evil, but its endless combinations with good. I have found it equal folly to trust good people too far, and to distrust bad people too much. The unexpected always happens. And one's own self is the most unexpected thing of all."

With the last we can all agree, if we have any self-knowledge at all. The "mingled yarn, good and ill together," of motive and deed that our own mysterious personalities can astonish us with, is marvelous. "Judge not, that ye be not judged" is the soundest of doctrine in view of such personal experience. Yet it is probably because we are so tired of ourselves, so hopeful of something better, something clear and consistent, that we continually believe in the consistent individuality of others.

The biographer, for example, studying the life that he is to write, has an instinctive and what might, in the interests of truth be called a fatal tendency to make the personality of his subject clear and consistent. He seeks the ruling tendency, the prevailing tone and subordinates

everything to it. He makes a hero, a heroine, an inspiration, a model, out of his subject. That is why we so much like to read biography. A good biography, we say, is as interesting as a novel. It is, indeed, very much on the same plan. The novelist takes his type and makes it consistent and artistically complete, omitting the glaring improbabilities of truth.

Thousands of readers devour biography and novel, and sigh in admiration, "How true to life!" then, going forth into the confusion of life again, insist upon judging their fellow-creatures by these consistent types of character, with the inevitable result of severe disillusionment in short order.

Human nature has not, really, the knowledge of itself necessary to judge human nature. We can approximate, and that is all. As Clough characteristically puts it:

> In men whom men declare divine
> I find so much of sin and blot,
> In men whom others class as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
> I hesitate to draw the line
> Where God has not.

The like hesitation becomes us all. We are not meant to sit in judgment; our verdicts are hopelessly ignorant. It may not be true, that sweeping saying of, "Tout savoir, c'est tout pardonner," but it contains enough truth to give us pause. "The Lord only knows what is lying in the darkness of human nature," says Margaret Deland's dear old Dr. Lavender somewhere. "There is nothing more constantly astonishing to me than the goodness of the bad, unless it is the badness of the good." The enemy that wrongs us most, with whom we virtuously feel it is good to be angry, will shame us by some delicacy of feeling or generosity of nature shown to another, of which we ourselves are not capable. The weak brother we despise will reveal a moment of strength above our own level. And yet, alas! weakness and wrong are not thereby changed, nor can these results toward us be transformed.

"Do not tell me of his unselfish benefactions," said a woman to whom a friend was praising the generosities of a millionaire. "He became rich by stealing my brother's patent in the very beginning. They say he is a good man. Perhaps he is now. Very likely he is sorry he ever cheated John; and John would never have made a fortune out of anything, and bears no malice. But don't you see that to have cheated a fellow-workman, and built up success on that foundation, remains always a part of his character? When I think of him, it is like a bad taste in my mouth."

In the infinite variety of life's viewpoints it is more than probable that each of us, to somebody, is an irredeemable defaulter in conduct. We may have done a thousand kind deeds, but some man or woman is meanwhile remembering the ungenerous act, the weak deceit, the ugly disloyalty back in the unchangeable past, which we may be endlessly sorry for, but never can make as if it had not been. To such lookers-on at our progress, our best and sincerest deeds will always seem the trappings of a hypocrite. The hero who is not a hero to his valet, the prophet without honor in his own country, is largely explained by this method. Some small, past, unforgotten circumstance turns prophet and hero into contempt, and negatives all that they are to the outsider.

Yet prophets there are, and heroes there are, in spite of the mingled yarn. And after all, is it not a more wonderful development to have a man heroic in spite of ugly places in his nature than heroic without a flaw? That he who betrays us can yet stand true to another, is a thing to be thankful for, though we can hardly be expected perhaps to give the thanks. That he who has done harm in one direction should inconsistently yet honestly endeavor to do good in another, is surely a gain, however incongruous it may seem to a strictly logical mind.

The great thing for us all to do is to hold fast to the belief in good as overcoming evil. Then we shall see emerging in every personality the forces of good—often beaten, often baffled, often hardly recognizable, yet everywhere trying to assert themselves and develop into action. The greatest and most consistently good souls in human history have always believed most in the good in others. We shall be wisest when we follow their example; and though we shall find plenty of evil, it will be the hidden good that will most astonish us by its variety, its unexpectedness, and its eager response to our own poor little portion.—Priscilla Leonard.

For The Children.

WHY THE DAISY WAS PRAISED.

A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to a peach-tree and said, "What are you doing for me?"

The tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and in my boughs hangs the fruit which presently men will gather and carry into the palace for you."

The prince said, "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

Then he went down into the meadow, and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass replied, "We are giving our lives for others—for your sheep and cattle—that they may be nourished."

"Well done," said the prince, "good and faithful servants, that give up your lives for others."

And then he came to a little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said: "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting-place for the birds, I cannot give shelter to the cattle, I cannot send fruit unto the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows; they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than you."—Home Herald.

"IN FUN."

Billy sat all alone. He was, as he said himself, "not feeling good." He really meant that he was not feeling happy, or cheerful, or contented. The grown-ups, however, would have said he could not be feeling good because he had been behaving badly.

He seemed to have started the day out wrong, somehow. He had begun by chasing the turkey till the turkey put an end to that by chasing him. Next he had pulled the cat's tail till she too turned and scratched him. After this you might have thought that he would settle down and be good; but, no! he hid the dog's bone, and upset the

kitten's milk saucer, next he took Susy's new doll away and (but this was an accident; he didn't mean to do this) cracked her nose,—of course, the doll's nose, not Susy's! At this point father came home to dinner and heard about the misdeeds, and said Billy had better not do any more stunts like that before supper or he certainly wouldn't go to grandmother's next Sunday. So, not to get into any more mischief, Billy sat alone in the yard, though every minute it seemed getting colder.

"I did it only in fun," was all the excuse he could think of.

"Well, don't have any more fun of that sort," said father.

The afternoon seemed very, very long and very cold, so that at last Billy had to go indoors, although he could not hope that any one would be particularly glad to see him. As a matter of fact, Susy put her toys quickly into a box and sat on the box. Mother smiled at him (you could always count on mother's smiling), but she was hushing the baby to sleep, so she couldn't do more than that.

Billy took a book,—one of his Christmas presents,—put a stool by the fire, and sat down to look at the pictures. But the fire made him sleepy. He wanted to be out in the fresh air. But he also wanted some one with him. He thought that he would not get into so much mischief. Even if he did the other person would get some of the blame!

He looked at Susy.

"Come out and play?" he said.

Susy "wasn't speaking to him." But—it was so very quiet when mother was getting baby to sleep—Susy felt inclined to answer. However, what she said at first was,—

"You can't play with my things."

"Don't want to! They're only girls' things, anyway."

If the baby had been either awake to play with or safely asleep so that mother was at liberty, Susy wuold have refused to speak again. But it was dull, the sky was getting beautifully red, and she daresayed she wouldn't be allowed out without Billy, who was nine, while she was only seven.

"I'll go for a little teeny while," she decided. "And I'll come in when I want to."

Billy said nothing to this. She couldn't come in unless he opened the door. Perhaps she had forgotten that.

Mother looked toward the nail where coats and caps were, so they put those on and went out. Oh, how nice the air was, after the fire! Billy gave a shout, and ran over to the snow man.

"Oh!" cried Susy. Her tone sounded as if she had seen something new. Billy looked.

At the foot of the tall tree that leaned against the wall of the house a chipmunk was trying to fix a little wad of paper into his mouth. Susy crept up to him very quietly. Billy followed her.

"Sh-sh!" she whispered. "Let's see what he does."

So they stood very quietly, and Master Chipmunk began to climb up the tree in a very jerky way. Every now and then he would stop and seem to have trouble with his paper. But at last he went up and out of sight.

"What's he doing?" asked Susy.

"Taking up paper for his nest, and it's a sign it's going to be colder," replied Billy, who had been told this the last day of school. "When he comes down, I'll shoo him up again. That'll be fun!"

"Oh, no!" cried Susy. "Let's put some more paper for him, and watch him take it up. That'll be more fun."

Billy was surprised.

"So it will," he said.

Susy ran back into the house—Billy opened the door!—and brought out some soft tissue paper, left over from Christmas presents. She and Billy had a beautiful time for half an hour. They put the paper in nice-sized bits at the foot of the tree and then hid. Master Chipmunk didn't seem surprised at all. He took the bits quite as a matter of course, and soon had the last one up. He didn't come down again.

"How nice and warm and soft his nest is!" Susy cried. "Wasn't it fun!"

"What was fun?" Father had come when their backs were turned.

Susy told him.

"Did you like it, Billy?" father asked him.

"Fine," replied Billy.

"Then"—father laid a hand on each shoulder as they went to the house—"always have plenty of that fun—the fun that helps, and doesn't hurt!"—Frances Harmer, in Sunday School Times.

STRANDS OF THREADS AND HABITS.

"I'd like to know what has become of my cap," said Teddy Brown, giving the closet door an impatient slam, as though it were in some way responsible. "I've looked everywhere for it, and it isn't there."

"I think," said Teddy's mother, speaking with calm assurance in spite of Teddy's statement, "that you will find it just where you left it. You know, Teddy, I put up a special hook for your cap, but it doesn't seem to do any good, does it? You'll just have to hunt it up, that's all. I can't stop to look for it."

Just then the door opened, and Alice, Fred, and little Hal, accompanied by two of the neighbor children, came into the room, their eyes glistening and cheeks aglow as the result of a frolic they had been having on the lawn.

"Why don't you come out and play, Teddy?" asked Alice. "We've been having such fun. Haven't we Fred?"

"I can't find my cap," said Teddy, looking vexed and disconsolate. "You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?"

"No," Alice replied.

"I haven't seen it, either," volunteered Fred. Little Hal felt that the blame had, therefore, been shifted upon him.

"I don't know where it is," he stoutly protested. "Really I don't."

"What is it that's lost?" asked Aunt Carrie, who had just come into the room, and had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

"Teddy's cap," said Alice.

"What, again!" asked Aunt Carrie, in astonishment. "That makes the fifth time this week, doesn't it? Now, let me see. I believe I did see your cap somwhere a very short time ago, Teddy. I think, yes, that's where it was, behind the sofo in the sitting room. I found it there when I moved the things to clear up the room. I think you'll find it on the table now."

"O, yes," said Teddy, with a surprising return of memory. "That's just where I put it. Laid it on the sofa. I suppose it fell down."

"Before you go out to play," said Aunt Carrie, when Teddy had brought his cap, "I would like to ask you to do something for me if you will."

"What is it?" asked Teddy, curious to know what she wanted.

Aunt Carrie told Teddy she would like to have him hold the palms of his hands together and arms out straight. Taking a spool of basting thread from the pocket of her

sewing apron, she wound the thread about Teddy's wrists, drawing it tightly.

"See if you can break it," she said.

Teddy made a tremendous effort, and when he found that he was able to break the thread a smile of satisfaction and triumph lighted up his face.

Then Aunt Carrie wound the thread about his wrists again, twice this time instead of once, but Teddy succeeded in freeing his hands again.

"Well done," said Aunt Carrie, winding the thread about Teddy's wrists a great many times, and fastening it, after which she told him he might break the threads again.

"I can't," said Teddy, looking very sheepish when he took in the situation. Indeed, Teddy looked so very helpless and woe-begone that Aunt Carrie and the children could not help laughing at him just a little.

"Now, let me tell you," said Aunt Carrie, "what it is that I would like to impress upon you all. It is this: Habits are very hard to break; for they are made up of separate acts, just as Teddy's hands are held together by means of separate threads."—Round Table.

RAINING UPSIDE DOWN.

The little tin basin of water was empty, just as sure as the world! And Peggy had left water in it the last time she made mud pies in the back yard, so to be sure and have it ready to mix with next time. Peggy always made arrangements beforehand for things—even mud pies. And of course she hadn't thought of going out to grandpa's and staying so long when she made this arrangement.

"Now, where's that water gone?" she mused. "If it had been at grandpa's the chickens would have drunk it up, but here"—

"Poh! I know where it's gone to," Dickey cried loftily. Dickey went to a big school, not kindergarten, and so he knew a great deal.

"It rained up—that's where it went," he explained.

"It what, Dickey Plummer?"

"Rained up into the sky—it always does, and then by'mby it'll rain down again. Where'd you s'pose all the rain comes from?"

"Well, didn't s'pose it come out o' my mixin'-pan—so there!" cried Peggy's clear, indignant little voice, scornfully. Then she ran to her mother to see what it all meant, for mother always knew.

"Dickey says it rains upside down, mother!" she cried. "I guess he'd laugh to see it!" Mother laughed to see Peggy's face.

"He can't see it, dear—nobody can, unless the air is so cold that it runs together in tiny drops and makes a mist or fog. Dickey was right—the water in your little tin pan was taken up into the air again, to rain down some day with the other water the air had drawn up from the surface of ponds and rivers. If it should be very cold when it gets ready to come to us, it will be—what, Dickey?"

"A snow-storm," said Dickey, promptly.

"Yes, dear. And so it goes back and forth between the sky and earth. It's one of the wonderful things the wonderful world is full of, little Peg."—Wesleyan Christian Advocate.

This is love: to fly heavenward,
To rend, every instant, a hundred veils;
The first moment, to renounce life;
The last step, to fare without feet;
To regard the world as invisible,
Not to see what appears to one's self.

Eckhart in one of his sermons quotes the saying of St. Augustine that man is what he loves; and adds this comment: "If he loves a stone, he is a stone; if he loves a man he is a man; if he loves God—I dare say no more, for if I said that he would then be God, ye might stone me."

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